

THE CHRONICLE.

WARREN, O.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21st, 1863.

A Brace of Traitors—The Round-head and Cavalier.

While the pro-slavery Democrats of the North are doing all in their power to unpopulize the war and the hands of the Administration, Jefferson Davis and his fellow traitors in the South are making speeches and publishing messages full of malice and bitterness toward the North, invoking the South to stand firm and not yield to the Yankees. Of course if the rebels will not succumb, and the North uses for peace, the South will dictate the terms of settlement between themselves and the Government they wish to destroy. Such a spectacle would involve too intolerable a degree of disgrace for the American people to ever consent to its enactment.

There is a very provoking and humiliating feature in our present situation, in the fact that while Davis, Stevens and others are urging the South to continue the war, their sympathizers in the Free States, who consist of such men as Wood of New York, Vallandigham of Ohio, and their idolatrous worshippers, wherever found, are insulting the patriotism of the North with the traitorous proposition to cease prosecuting the war, and allow the rebels to have it all their own way, as a consequence. It is remarkable how Davis and Vallandigham work together for the same ultimate end. Davis pleads with the South to persevere. The Ohio traitor insists that our Government should desert. Davis, in a recent speech at Jackson, Mississippi, told the South they were superior to the North. That the men of the North were the descendants of the human scum that Cromwell scraped from the bogs and marshes of England. This is the vile language he employs in allusion to the glorious old Puritan Fathers of New England. Vallandigham, who is Davis' Northern echo, repeats the idea, in a speech he made in Congress, a few days since, in the following language:

"Mr. Vallandigham" addressed the House at length, urging that the war ought not to continue, and that it is possible and inevitable unless defeated by deliberate folly and wickedness of the public men and the people. This was a war of the Yankee and the Southern, the cavalier and the Round-head.

What Vallandigham expects to gain by assuming the theory that this war is but a renewal of the conflicts of the Cromwell era, we do not certainly perceive. The cause of Cromwell was that of humanity, Christianity and freedom. He and his old covenanters fought for civil and religious liberty. The cavaliers fought to uphold a corrupt, cruel and despotic dynasty, who favored aristocracy and privileged classes, just as the southern slaveholding despots and aristocrats of our day do. Accepting the proposition of Davis and Vallandigham as correct, in the premises, but false in its insinuations and conclusions that the descendants of the Cavaliers, whom the efforts F. F. of the South claim for their ancestral origin, are a superior race to the Roundheads and Puritans, a fair investigation of the question will terminate in establishing the conclusion that this war now raging between the North and South is but another struggle in the world's history between the supporters of aristocracy and the friends of republicanism. If Davis and Vallandigham's doctrine proves anything, it proves nothing more clearly than this point, which is a good argument for the justice of the cause of the North. The North is battling for principles of Justice and Humanity. The South for the establishment of a Confederacy whose chief cornerstone is to be slavery. It is fighting for barbarism, wrong and outrage. In such a contest the duty of every honest Christian man is plain, and if true to his God and country he will not shrink from the responsibilities of the day.

Editorial Correspondence.

COLUMBUS, Jan. 15, 1863.
DEAR CHRONICLE: We reached here at 2 o'clock a. m. Snow commenced falling last evening at 7 o'clock. It is now about fourteen inches in depth, and is still falling steadily.

The new Neil House is a comfortable and a great improvement on the old Neil. Everything is bright and clean. The beds are good and the food is excellent. Here we find Col. Odyke, Major Burnett and Hon. B. F. Hoffman, and other acquaintances from the northern part of the State.

Col. Odyke is here to complete the arrangements for the commissioning of officers, and other matters for his regiment, which is now in very Kentucky, where he expects to join it very soon.

Major Burnett has his quarters at Camp Chase, whither he goes with his lady to-day. Col. Ratliff is there. The 2d cavalry are to be filled up, remounted, and returned in all particulars necessary to make it what it was before, one of the most efficient regiments in the service.

Stewart is the physician of Governor Tod, the cares of State in this trying time of its history, are wearing upon him. He devotes himself to his duties unceasingly and unparingly, and certainly has rendered efficient aid to the general Government from the commencement of the war until now.

H. W. Taylor is absent at New York on business appertaining to his office. He is regarded as one of the best officers who has ever filled the post of Auditor of State.

engineers were sent forward, hitched to the snow-bound train, and drew it back to the station, where the two trains were joined together, the three engines attached, and again we were in motion for Cincinnati, which place was reached between one and two o'clock a. m.

As the train was several hours behind time, there were no omnibuses at the station; the snow was nearly or quite two feet deep on the level, and still falling thick and fast, and several disconsolate travelers, carrying their stethoscopes and shawls, might have been seen wading through the snow, now plunging into slush, and now endeavoring to reach a hotel, and a half mile distant. This feat was achieved at last, and before a warm fire, with snow swept from hats and garments, with prospect of a few hours sleep in the near distance, our troubles were soon forgotten.

The next morning snow had ceased to fall, and Cincinnati awakened to find that for the first time in twenty years, there was two feet of snow, on the average, in her streets, and indefinitely more in spots. Some roofs were crushed in, but no great damage was done. Pedestrianism on the side-walks, was rather a dangerous feat throughout Friday and Saturday, on account of the snow being shoveled from the tops of the tall flat-roofed buildings, which were supposed to be endangered by the great weight upon them.

Our townsman, A. B. Lyman, lately appointed by Gov. Tod as agent for the State to obtain pay for the Ohio soldiers, is comfortably ensconced in a neat office on Third Street, where he has plenty of business to attend to. The appointing of an agent for this purpose by Gov. Tod, was very much needed, and will save thousands of dollars of their hard earned money, to the soldiers. The selection of Mr. Lyman for this purpose was well, no better candidate could be found.

H. L. Stiles & Co. are doing a heavy business in the produce line, and large quantities of Trumbull County cheese and butter, pass through their hands.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12, 1863.
MESSRS. EDITORS: Since I last wrote you, a man ripe in years, a distinguished citizen of Ohio, and long a faithful public servant, whose life has been useful, honorable and just, died. I refer to the Hon. Elihu Whittlesley. For some time past he had been suffering from sickness, but had, as was supposed, entirely recovered. On Wednesday, the 7th inst., he was apparently as well as usual. He attended to the duties pertaining to his office, and returned to his home at night, somewhat wearied by his labors, but in such a condition as to cause no alarm among his friends. He retired to his room rather early, as was his wont, and while in the premises, but false in its insinuations and conclusions that the descendants of the Cavaliers, whom the efforts F. F. of the South claim for their ancestral origin, are a superior race to the Roundheads and Puritans, a fair investigation of the question will terminate in establishing the conclusion that this war now raging between the North and South is but another struggle in the world's history between the supporters of aristocracy and the friends of republicanism. If Davis and Vallandigham's doctrine proves anything, it proves nothing more clearly than this point, which is a good argument for the justice of the cause of the North. The North is battling for principles of Justice and Humanity. The South for the establishment of a Confederacy whose chief cornerstone is to be slavery. It is fighting for barbarism, wrong and outrage. In such a contest the duty of every honest Christian man is plain, and if true to his God and country he will not shrink from the responsibilities of the day.

Very few, if any, now living, have been in the public service so long a period as was Mr. Whittlesley, and while in that service he manifested a capacity for business, and a faithfulness and honesty of purpose, which very few possess.

At a meeting of the Ohio delegation in Congress, and citizens of Ohio in Washington, at the hall of Representatives, when Senator Wade was chosen President, and Representative Hutchins appointed Secretary, the following resolutions, presented by Mr. Hutchins, were unanimously adopted, and as they embody more than I could possibly express, I will submit them:

Resolved, That we have learned, with deep sorrow, of the sudden death in this city of our esteemed fellow citizen, the Hon. Elihu Whittlesley, who, at the time of his death, was Chief Controller of the Treasury, and who, for sixteen consecutive years, was a Representative in Congress from the State of Ohio; in Congress discharged varied and responsible public and private trusts with strict fidelity, eminent ability, great industry, and unswerving integrity; who, in a long and eventful life, has left a blemish upon his character as patriot, citizen, statesman, legislator, and Secretary of the Treasury, and whose example from youth to old age was a model of virtue and excellence.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his afflicted family and relatives in their bereavement and great loss.

Resolved, As a mark of respect for the character and eminent services of the deceased, we, as citizens of Ohio, will attend in a body his funeral services.

Resolved, That a copy of the proceedings of this meeting and the foregoing resolutions be signed by the President and Secretary, and presented to the family of the deceased, and forwarded to the press of Ohio for publication.

His funeral was attended by a large concourse of friends, at his residence on Pennsylvania Avenue, on Friday last, where some very impressive and eloquent remarks were made by the Rev. Dr. Sunderland, the excellent pastor of the church of which Mr. Whittlesley was an active member. The remains were conveyed to Canfield, Ohio, where they are to be deposited in the family yard. Peace to the ashes of the lamented dead. May the noble example of his pure, beautiful life, induce others to live likewise.

It is a singular fact that the Hon. R. W. Taylor, who has been appointed as the successor of Mr. Whittlesley, studied law with him at Canfield, Ohio, and graduated from his office. The appointment of Mr. Taylor gives good satisfaction to all who know him, personally or by reputation, for he is considered a competent and careful business man, and is undoubtedly well qualified to fill the position to which he has been called. It is understood that he will enter upon the discharge of his duties at once.

We have just received the CHRONICLE of last week. It is always welcomed, for it gives us home news. But the number referred to was the bearer of sad information. It conveyed to us the painful intelligence that many of Trumbull County's noble sons fell at Murfreesboro. We know that the men of the Union army were, of necessity, very great at that time, for the battle, notwithstanding victory was decisive and complete. Consequently we were almost afraid to hear of the fate of our friends whom we knew must have been engaged in the contest. But

the fate of most of them is known now. Some, thank God, were permitted to pass the "ferry of God" unscathed; some are, at the worst, only wounded, while others fell dead with their faces towards the floating foe, in defence of a Government, whose blessings and privileges they had always enjoyed. They have passed away, but their brave and noble deeds "will live always."

One year ago last July the writer met an old friend in the mountains of Western Virginia, in command of a company of the 4th Ohio Regiment. It was Capt. James Wallace, of Canton, Ohio. We had not met for some time, which made this unexpected meeting all the more pleasant. I was with him but a short time, yet his conduct was so marked that it made a deep impression upon my mind, and tended to increase the great respect which I always had for him from the time I first met him in Canton. He was in fine spirits and excellent health, talked very hopefully of his future prospects, and expressed great confidence in the power of the Government to put down this rebellion, and manifested a desire to remain in the service of his country until the successful close of the war, but never appeared to think, even for a moment, that he should be killed while in the service of that country. I bade him "good-bye" and God-speed, and left him—he going one way and I another. I did not meet him again until lately. A few days after the battle of Fredericksburg, I was started by reading in the morning paper the name of "Capt. Wallace, 4th Ohio, wounded seriously." I at once informed myself at which Hospital he was stationed, and repaired without delay to his side, in order that I might express my deep sympathy for him in his affliction, and lend a helping hand to alleviate, as far as possible, his sufferings. I found him, indeed, badly wounded—a rifle ball having penetrated the knee joint of his left leg, and lodged in the flesh—but hopeful, patient, and quiet. We conversed about old times, and future prospects, which he appeared to enjoy with a keen relish. It was very soon discernable, notwithstanding the buoyancy of his disposition, that the long and tedious Virginia campaign had worn perceptibly upon his health. I made it my duty to sit with him by his couch, very frequently. He grew weaker as his limb became more inflamed, but continued to keep up a stout heart, and appeared confident that he would again be able to go into the field. After a few days it became apparent to his friends, that he must lose his limb, when if he could have strength enough to rally, they felt confident that he would recover. His disabled member was therefore amputated, and for a time he appeared to be doing better. In the mean time some of his friends came on from Canton, among whom was a very interesting young lady, to whom he was betrothed. The presence of these friends cheered him up wonderfully. But alas, he very soon began to give evidence that his physical condition was fast becoming more critical. The loss of blood incident to the amputation of his limb, was beginning to tell perceptibly upon him. During all this time he did not relinquish the hope, even for a moment, of his final recovery. His energy and pluck seemed to act as an offset to his physical weakness. His betrothed remained with him constantly, administering to his every want. She remained calm, quiet and hopeful, as only a dear, loving woman can, under such circumstances. As the Captain did not appear to be improving, but rather to lose strength from day to day, the young lady desired to be united to her lover before his feeble limb should flicker out. One week ago last Sunday was the day fixed upon for the performance of the nuptial rites. I was honored by an invitation to the wedding, which was gladly accepted. None but a few intimate friends were permitted to witness the ceremonies. It was one of the saddest, and yet one of the most interesting and touching scenes that ever came under my observation. It was remarked to the Captain that he was glad to see him looking so cheerful and happy. He looked up and answered quietly, "how would it be possible for me to be otherwise to-day?" At one o'clock p. m. his betrothed, Miss Snyder, entered the room, preceded by Rev. Mr. Brown, formerly of Cleveland, who was to officiate, and seated herself in a chair near the couch of the Captain, and with characteristic self-possession, took her lover's hand in her own, when the marriage ceremony was performed, and those train were made one—this lovely girl, this devoted, loyal woman—this afflicted man, this maimed patriot, already on the very brink of the grave. We departed from this devoted pair, sad, though happy—sad because it was evident that their married life must in all human probability be very brief—happy, because they were very brave in their deep affliction. The next day we of course took the earliest opportunity to inquire after the condition of the Captain. The first information that we had from him was that he was dead. His young wife left him about five o'clock only for a few moments, for the purpose of snatching a morsel of food, and while she was absent her husband breathed out his life so quietly and suddenly that no one knew of the fact until "the feeble lamp had flickered out." There was a noble woman made a bride and widow in one and the same day.

Congress convened again after the adjournment of the Holidays, and went to work at the discharge of its important duties with characteristic energy. Many important measures have already been acted upon.

A most stirring and patriotic speech was made in the Senate a few days since, by the Hon. Mr. Wilkinson, of Minnesota, in which he took occasion to pay his respects to the semi-secession Senator Salisbury, of Delaware. The last named Senator endeavored to reply, but was so much excited that he was unable to proceed. The tall Minnesota had evidently touched some tender spot. I would commend his speech as one well worthy of perusal.

Gen. Butler was in the city last week. He was the center of attraction, and was received with great enthusiasm by the loyal people. It is understood that he is to have a very important command soon. The people have confidence in his capacity and energy, and will demand an equal field of operation for him. Mr. Hutchins introduced the following resolution of thanks the other day, into the House, which caused considerable com-

motion among the sympathizers with the rebels and Jeff Davis' late Proclamation: Resolved, That the thanks of this House be tendered to Maj. Gen. B. F. Butler, for his energetic, able and humane administration during his command of the Department of the Gulf.

It was passed by the decided vote of 88 to 28. Can any one guess why those men objected to this resolution of thanks to a brave and successful officer?

From the 125th.

CAMP OGDYKE, NEAR LOUISVILLE, KY. JAN. 12, 1863.

DEAR CHRONICLE:—It has been just a week to-day since we arrived in Dixie, and thinking that our friends at home would like to hear from us, I will write you a few lines with the hope that they may prove of sufficient interest to merit a space in your columns. As Companies B and C were made up in Trumbull Co., your readers will doubtless be interested in what may be written concerning them. Our regiment left Camp Cleveland on the 3d inst., with the expectation of stopping at Covington, but on reaching Columbus we learned that our destination was Louisville, Ky. Our ride through this place was interesting and pleasant. We were highly complimented by the citizens of Cleveland for our soldierly bearing while passing through the streets to the depot, and all along the route we received the cheers of the people, and also, upon our arrival, our Colonel thanked us for our good conduct during the entire transit to this Camp. We reached Cincinnati early Sunday morning, having had rather a tiresome ride during the night. We found a host waiting for us, and at 12 o'clock we bid adieu to our native State and turned our faces southward. Thought on thought went back to the friends we left behind us. I say that we turned our faces southward but not so with the boat, for it was so old and unmanageable that it was some four hours before it was headed in the right direction. Co. B, the last to get aboard, was treated to a deck passage, but it was nevertheless, as comfortable as the others who were crowded into the cabin.

During the passage our arms and accoutrements were unpacked and distributed to the men. We are armed with the Springfield musket—the best arm in the service, and other equipments equally good—the Sergeants receiving a sabre in addition to the musket.

Arrived at Louisville on Monday and marched through the streets in a fine style as any of the many regiments which have preceded us. If we can credit the reports of the citizens who noticed our march, our Camp is located two and a half miles from town, in a southwesterly direction. Quite a pleasant location. We received our tents the same day and have enjoyed camp life during the past week better than ever before.

Co. B, (Capt. Yeoman's) is prospering finely. A number of promotions have been made among the non-commissioned officers, and there are vacancies to be filled in the company. At some future time I may give you a list of the Company officers. But enough for this time.

Yours, &c., W.

CAMP OGDYKE, KY.

DEAR CHRONICLE:—This has been nearly four months since the first recruits for the 125th regiment went into camp at Cleveland. What an eventful period it has been to us who were among that consecrated fold! True, we have not been the heroes of a bloody battle, nor stood where the red mouthed artillery vomited its bloody hail; but ours has been the more peaceful employment of drill, and of calm preparation for an approaching war when our feeble service may tell with greater weight upon the side of our afflicted country.

Commenced, as it was just before the draft, and at a time when scores of recruiting officers were canvassing every town in the State, it is not strange that the 125th was not filled up at once, as were many of the other regiments. It has succeeded better than its warlike friends had good reason to expect; and now that it is complete, special honor is due to those who, by most incessant labor, have placed it in its present prosperous state.

If half the compliments we have received since leaving Cleveland are deserved, we stand to-day, in ability of officers, in drill, in character of men, in all save experience before the foe, inferior to no other regiment Ohio has yet produced. But we do not rely alone on flattery words. We look forward to a future time when by hard fighting the 125th shall give a more enduring proof of its efficiency, and establish for itself, if not an immortal, at least an honorable name.

Our present encampment named in honor of our gallant Colonel (whom we all love, not less for his fine military qualities than for his uniformly kind and gentlemanly deportment,) is situated about two miles south-west of Louisville. The grounds are dry and pleasant; and although we are in tents almost entirely without stoves, we are very comfortable, as yet having suffered scarcely none at all with cold. In fact the weather seems much more like May than what we have been accustomed to experience in northern Ohio in mid-winter. How long we shall remain in our present position can only be answered as similar queries usually are in military—"Don't know." We hope, however, to move further South soon.

To all external appearances Louisville is as loyal a city as Cleveland, though it is whispered that there is a diabolical under current which is materially modified by the presence of several regiments of Union troops in the immediate vicinity.

By order of General Boyle, commanding this department, the 125th regiment acted as funeral escort to the remains of Colonel Foreman, late of the 15th Ky., killed at Murfreesboro, and interred in the Louisville Cemetery on last Sunday. The weather was delightful, and the ceremony attended by many distinguished military men, among whom were several Colonels, was of the most imposing character. We felt justly honored at thus being chosen from among other regiments to be sent back to the city, to do honor to the remains of one of Kentucky's most cherished sons; but we also felt pained at the reflection that a hand long known to the Louisville community, perhaps directed the unfortunate missile that caused his death.

Our friends engaged in more pursuits at home have little idea of what Kentucky really suffers. By friend and foe her fields are made desolate. Her sons, divided, seek to destroy each other meeting daily in bloody conflict. To-day she rejoices in the success of Union arms, to-morrow, predatory band-overs her soil and her citizens are forced to flee for safety. This is she suspended between doubt and fear, trembling and hoping, one calamity follows another.

And it is thus the home of Clay is doomed to close its past brilliant history in darkness and despair. Does the future of Kentucky not penetrate the clouds that now so thickly gather, and open a way more enduring than she has yet experienced? Her voice, which has been at times almost wavering, has always been on the side of loyalty, and when "the sun in the heavens shall set, casting his last golden rays upon the broken fragments of an once happy Union" if so it must be, let it be to the honor of Ky., that her treasure was spent, her first blood spilt to free herself from the black thralldom of secession.

Small tax payers of the north may set up a caseless whine about the conduct of the war, and talk of compromise when another party shall be placed in power, but it is only because their contracted souls cannot comprehend the value of a Government like ours. They prefer inglorious peace which professes present ease to laboring in support of a cause in which the happiness of future generations is at stake. Let such dastards consider the silent, noble suffering of Kentucky and cease their eternal growling. Our Revolutionary fathers did not endure every possible privation, marking the frozen earth with blood, when they passed their shoddy feet, to secure Freedom to such inglorious progeny. Neither does the army now in the field sympathize with their unmanly course, but looking them, in just contempt, we pity their miserable, selfish hearts, and when we shall have returned from the field of victory, if so in the providence of God we may, they shall receive a recompense.

Respectfully yours, CEYLON

From the 19th.

We are permitted to extract from a letter from Capt. O. L. Miller to his father. The letter is dated "In the Field, Jan. 6."

DEAR FATHER:—I sent you a short letter yesterday, informing you of my safety and promising you a more detailed account of the part the 19th took in the past week.

Monday evening, 29th ult., the left wing, under Major General Crittenden, came up with the enemy in force near Stone's River, about four miles from Murfreesboro. Orders to enter the town that evening had been received from Major Gen. Rosecrans; but the execution of the order seemed impracticable to General Crittenden, and upon his representation it was rescinded. Tuesday our lines joined those of Maj. Gen. McCook's forces on the right, and during the night there was considerable skirmishing in front. Our division was in reserve of the 1st and 2d—Gens. Wood and Palmer.

The programme for Wednesday was, as is generally understood, that the right wing, under Maj. Gen. McCook, supported by the center, under Maj. Gen. Thomas, was to engage the enemy in front, while the left wing should cross the river and swing around into Murfreesboro, in the enemy's rear. At about 8 o'clock the 19th led the Division across and sent forward skirmishers, advancing nearly half a mile when we heard sharp firing coming directly in our rear. An aid de camp rode up in haste with orders to recall our skirmishers and recross the river immediately, which we did without loss of time. When we came to the rise of ground near our bivouac of the previous night, a scene of the most indescribable confusion met our eyes. Thousands upon thousands of men, batteries of artillery, ambulances, wagons and riderless horses retreating in the most utter confusion, while cannon balls, shells and leaden missiles of every description filled the air with their whirling noise.

A few unseen batteries checked the advance of the enemy in the center, until they reformed to support them. (We are now the 1st Brigade, 3d Division Left Wing, instead of 11th Brigade, 5th Division.) The 1st Brigade was ordered to the extreme right where the enemy was driving our men, and had nearly reached the turnpike in our rear. Several brigades broke through our lines while we moved to our position. Through all these unfavorable circumstances our men kept cool and constantly reformed their line, and were not broken through. When they had all passed us, the order, "Fire by file; Commence firing" was given, and officers who were near us said they had never heard such a continuous roar of musketry as was delivered by our men—Gen. Rosecrans came up and asked the name of the regiment; being answered "the 19th Ohio," he said, "I can trust you to do us well." And soon ordered a charge. The rebels fled at the first charge, but rallied somewhat when another volley and another charge completely dislodged them. Lieut. Denage was killed at or about this time. We were then reformed by the 79th Indiana, and advanced in the second line about 1/2 of a mile, when a heavy column of fresh troops of the enemy broke through our right support and under a heavy enfilading fire we were compelled to change front to the right and rear. After this was executed the enemy came up on the field we had just left, their colors plainly indicating that a double line was advancing upon us. We again opened fire and the "Board of Trade Battery," from an eminence in our rear, poured destruction into the rebel ranks. Again they fell back, and having saved the day, the 1st Brigade became a reserve again.

Capt. Stratton was wounded when we changed front. He has shown himself brave and fearless, and is highly esteemed by all. Many encomiums and compliments were paid us by all parts of the army for our action that day. During the night we were sent back to the Left Wing, and Thursday morning the 3d Division crossed the river again. Our regiment and the 9th Kentucky were held in reserve all day, and until 4 o'clock p. m. Friday, when a heavy column marched against us and broke through our front lines. The reserve was ordered forward, double-quick. Again we had the most unfavorable circumstances to contend with, viz: broken front lines passing through as we

advanced. Yet in no instance did a man struggle from our ranks. When we commenced firing the rebels were within fifty feet of the right of our regiment, advancing in three lines against our unsupported line while their artillery was playing upon all at the same time. We had feared all day that they would come in just as they did, but were assured of support on our right. The right broke off by files, and the order to fall back was given three times understood it. We lost Capt. Bean, Lieut. Bell and Serg't Major Taylor there, as gallant men as ever went into battle. One great advantage the enemy had, made it necessary for us to cross the river until our batteries could be brought into position. When this was effected, we rallied as well as we could, and the colors of the 19th were seized by Lieut. Reedy who was commissioned but a few weeks ago, and were the first to recross the river, those of the 9th following closely, carried by a boy 17 years of age. Col. Grider, commanding Brigade, took the colors of his regiment, and rode ahead, cheering on his men. Those two colors were planted on three guns of the celebrated "Washington Artillery," of New Orleans, which were captured by our men. Reinforcements now formed in on our right and left, and the rebels gave way, our men occupying more ground on the left than night before. Our Division was now relieved by fresh troops, and very soon got the most of our men together and brought in our wounded and killed. Heavy work for us; our loss in the two days fighting is over 200, out of 450. Lieut. Reed has sent a list of the casualties in Co. C. I have lost two killed, 9 wounded and 3 missing, (probably prisoners) of 34, I started from Nashville with. We have now present about 250. So many instances of individual bravery and coolness, I could not here express.

From Burrow's Battery.

WARREN, JAN. 19.

MEASURES EDITED:—Some apprehension having been felt in regard to the safety of the 14th Battery, owing to the breaking of the Railroad, which was their only means of communication with the North, I have made a summary from a very full and interesting letter from Henry E. Haynes, of Bloomfield, a true man and soldier, which will, I trust, quiet all fears.

His letter is dated at Jackson, Tenn., Dec. 18th. Owing to various interruptions it was not completed till Jan. 8.

He states that for several days previous the horses were harnessed each and each driver at his post by 3 o'clock A. M., that at that time the rebels were supposed as marching upon the place with a force 8000 strong. The citizens were not allowed upon the streets and all stores closed while reinforcements were ordered up from Holly Springs.

From this point I quote strictly from the letter—"Dec. 19th 2 o'clock A. M. Rebels reported three miles from here. Our boys are anxious for the fray. Cars were running all night bringing reinforcements. We have now about 10,000 troops here. The enemy are skirmishing with our pickets, and have gobbled up two companies of the 106th Illinois. A messenger reports that the rebels have divided their force, part going north and south. The 61st Illinois had a brush with them, four miles out, killing a Colonel and 25 men.

Dec. 20th 1 o'clock A. M. We are ordered out on a forced march with two brigades of Infantry. Boys all in good spirits in anticipation of a fight. Our battery in the advance. 5 P. M. We are encamped in a low sandy bottom. Boys are getting sleepy. They have shot some hogs. 8 P. M. Had just got to sleep when crack! crack! went the muskets of our pickets. Hurra boys the enemy are on us. The cavalry pickets came running in better skelter. Hitch up and away we go to the front, the enemy running. We followed about four miles. No harm done in firing. We formed in line of battle and waited an attack. Crack! crack! they fired on us again. We exchange shots with them. No harm done. Away they go again. They have cavalry and can run faster than we can follow."

On the 21st the Battery returned to Jackson taking with them mules, wagons and horses which were pressed by the boys to carry in their worn out comrades. On their return one section was at once ordered out with three days rations. The boys who went out had a hard time and were obliged to get part of their living off the country. Speaking of the breaking of the railroad home need not feel alarmed about us. True we are on a bad road, but we live better now than we ever did, for we live off the country. If they tear up railroads and stop our supplies, they must support us. The citizens supply as much as we do, and more, for we take what we want, leaving them ten days rations. They don't like the arrangement but can't help themselves. We go out in the country and forage and bring in everything we want.

Dec. 31st. Orders again. Another tramp on hand. Do not know where we are going. Boys say we are going to Watch meeting. "Jan. 8th. Just got back after a fruitless march of eight days. A day sooner we would have cut off the retreat of the rebels at a place called Parker's Cross Roads, where they were badly whipped. Ohio troops done good work and turned the fate of the day. Sullivan's brigade was very nearly whipped when the Ohio brigade came up. They had double quicked five miles. With a shout which made the rebels tremble, they charged their Batteries and drove them pell mell towards Lexington. They took 400 prisoners and six pieces of Artillery. Bullly for the Ohio boys. They were the 27th, 39th and 63d Regts."

On their march they were under fire at a place called Clifton on the Tennessee river, where the rebels were strongly posted with 24 Pounder Siege Guns. The rebels fired at the right, and no loss was sustained. It was found impossible to dislodge them and that work was left for gunboats. The men were all well and in good spirits.

Mrs. Olive Donaghy died in Crawford County Penna., on the 30th ult., aged 105 years. She was born at Wethersfield, Conn., in 1757, knew John Hancock, and was the Minister who brought the Stamp Act from England which brought his reasons for so doing.

From the 105th.

CAMP NEAR NASHVILLE, TENN., JAN. 9, 1863.

DEAR CHRONICLE:—Here we are this rainy January night in our canvas houses near the capital of Tennessee. For the last three weeks we have been constantly on the march—from near Gallatin, Tenn., back into Kentucky after Morgan, then again into Tennessee. We have tramped through rain and mud. On the 25th of December, we struck our tents six miles east of Gallatin, and commenced the chase after Morgan, to our no small disappointment, as we had been expecting to join Rosecrans in his advance against Murfreesboro. Through Scottville, back to Glasgow, and thence over a pike we had traveled once before to a place called Bear Wallow, where we halted one day—New Years—not an overly happy New Years to us, worn out by the long marches of the preceding days. Towards night, however, for our recreation, I suppose, we were called out in battle line to wait for Morgan; but Morgan did not see fit to give us a New Years' call. The next day we marched to Cave City, expecting to take the cars for Nashville, as we had learned that Morgan was "used up" by our cavalry. At Cave City we learned that no transportation could be afforded us, though the other brigade of our division had obtained it, and the next day we commenced the march to Bowling Green, hoping to secure transportation there. Vain hope! Arrived at Bowling Green the unpleasant fact stared us in the face that we must foot it to Nashville, and here we are.

The 105th has marched since coming into the service, over 600 miles, and every march has been a forced march. If the saying of Frederick the Great is true, that victory lies in the legs of the soldiers, the 105th is bound to win.

Rosecrans has achieved a great victory, though how dearly won, let the aching hearts of the Great North tell. Ambulances filled with the wounded are continually passing by to Nashville. To-day 2000 battens came in under guard, and a hard looking set they were. I hear that old Trumbull has lost some of her noblest sons in the late fierce battle, Stratton, Bell and Harmon—Charles Harmon, a name loved by every reader of the Chronicle, in whose columns appeared his cheerful, racy letters. He, too, has fallen in the strife! How many more of the brave and talented must pour their blood on the battle plain before the nation's rights are vindicated, and armed rebellion overthrow!

The army of the Potomac will probably remain inactive for the next four months, managed as it is by the political stock jobbers at Washington. The greatest field of action will be in the west, for the winter and spring.

The 105th enjoys as good health as could be expected under the circumstances, and is ready for a fight. The only thing that could excite dread in our ranks is an order to march again into Kentucky—the land of sink-holes and caves, where churches and school houses are novelties because of their rarity, and ignorance and niggers are the chief products.

We shall probably march to-morrow to join Rosecrans at Murfreesboro. Have just learned that Hurst and Wolcott, of Co. B, are no more. They were left at Murfreesboro, neither considered dangerously ill. Wolcott had his discharge papers made out long before we left Murfreesboro. What red tapeism detained him there so long, I know not.

If some means were adopted to let sick soldiers go home and recruit, it would save hundreds of lives; but under the present military status it is impossible to obtain a furlough.

Our mail facilities, for some reason, are very poor. No mail of any account has been received for a long time, though the report prevails that we have a large mail in the city. Money is a thing unknown in our regiment—a half dollar would be a curiosity. Trusting the Paymaster will remember the 105th, I remain,

Truly yours, K.

From Spear's Battery.

WE extract the following from a letter to the CHRONICLE:

CAMP NEAR TALLAHATCHIE RIVER, MISS., MONDAY, DEC. 20, 1862.

Our battery is now in fine condition, and the men in good health; we have but one man in the hospital, he was taken a day or two ago with the measles. About the 10th inst. Lieut. James Burdick returned from recruiting service. He left us at Memphis; he was in Memphis; he brought with him 36 stalwart sons of Lo-rain county, this nearly filled our battery "rain," but for the untiring energy of Lieut. B. Through his foresight and perseverance they were all nicely clothed, received their bounty and advance pay before leaving Columbus, O. They are a fine, intelligent looking set of men, and will make their mark before the war closes.

The telegraph told us of our engagement on the Hatchie river, the battle of Matamora. Our boys stood it like veterans, every man was at his post, and worked with a will—were exposed to dreadful fire for nearly an hour, the bursting of shell, shrieking of solid shot, rattle of musketry, with the groans of the wounded and dying were enough to make the stoutest heart quail, yet there they stood anxiously waiting for the order to advance, when it came we dashed across the bridge, through the woods which were strewn with dead horses, broken gun carriages, dead and wounded soldiers, up the hill where our position was assigned us, and commenced returning the roar of their batteries, and in less than ten minutes completely silenced it. The 15th not only won the admiration of its commanding officer, but proved itself an honor to the State it hailed from. This is attributable to the untiring zeal and energy of Capt. Spear. Since the organization of the battery it has been his aim and object to make it a model one, with the